

Sex Toy 20

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Summary: This has been going on so long, the Doctor has a routine now. How does she not know her toys are interfering with the TARDIS in a big way? How much more can he take before he blurts out that her damned toys are trying to kill him? Okay, maybe not \*kill\* but... This story is also available to read on AO3 by Jaspre Rose. All ratings on at M to be safe.

Sex Toy 20

It wasn't that he was a pervert, because he very obviously wasn't, no matter what Jackie Tyler thought. He wasn't.

Rose was.

Okay so maybe she wasn't a pervert, either. She was a healthy, young, human female and healthy, young, human females had healthy, young, human sex drives. He supposed it wasn't really Rose's fault she was born a human and couldn't tamp down on her arousal. Ever.

Still. It was all Rose's fault.

Every time, it started off with a faint flush to her skin and it would be at the most random times. They would be swimming or she would be making supper while he set the table or he would be piloting the TARDIS or she would be watching a movie. Could be anytime, really.

He usually first noticed the flushed skin and then the sheen to her eyes that would soon follow, though she occasionally surprised him if he wasn't paying attention. Following that initial bit, he would catch a small whiff of human pheromones, sometimes even smell the frankly enticing scent of her body growing slick with arousal, depending upon what she wore.

The scent was always more noticeable when she forewent her knickers, as he could sometimes tell she did. She wore some of her clothes tight enough that he knew what the complete absence of any sort of

panty line must mean. He wasn't an idiot. It was those times, when she was sans panties and aroused, that he had to force himself to act normal.

Now that he thought about it, he was sure it would likely embarrass her deeply if she ever found out he had a very keen sense of smell. Probably should never let on how keen it was, then.

The first time this happened, the first time he was in Rose's presence when she was becoming aroused, he'd been overwhelmed. The overall scent Rose Tyler emitted when she was aroused wasâ€¦ wellâ€¦ it affected him. Very much. He had to work twice as hard as usual to keep his own very Time Lordly hormones in check, burying the impulse to act upon his desires far back in his mind in a desperate effort to ignore them.

Flushed skin, shining eyes, pheromones, her scent of arousal. The signs would normally come in that order and then Rose would finally excuse herself.

Like today, for instance. Right that moment, actually. She just gave him some line about wanting to take a nap. The little liar. She was off to her bedroom to play with herself while he was left alone to tinker with the console and wonder how long it would take this time.

What could have possibly set her off this time? They were talking about maybe going to visit the Nibo colony on Arkron Twelve, she sat down in the captain's chair, and he took off his leather jacket so he could recalibrate a few things under the main panel without his sleeves getting in the way. She made a crack about his "doubtful" technical skills, what with all the tinkering he does, he rolled his sleeves up and quipped a response right back (much like he always does), and then the process had started. She excused herself a few short minutes later.

\_That woman.\_She was so bloody \_confusing.\_

If he perhaps knew what she found so damned arousing all the time, he could endeavour to keep those things out of her sight and thereby give \_him\_ a little peace. It was unhealthy for him to be wound this tight all the time with no way to relieve his own urges (a way that wasn't the boring old shower session, that is, which had gotten old \_centuries\_ ago). Her insatiability had gotten so bad lately, she'd gone from excusing herself from his presence maybe only twice a week to at least once a day nowâ€¦ if not more.

Right on schedule, his old girl let out a discordant hum and the control room lights flickered before dimming. Damn those human sex toys. Something about them interfered with his ship.

Sighing, the Doctor pulled out his sonic screwdriver and ran his nails over his cropped hair, waiting exactly one more minute, his eyes fixed on the console.

Honestly, it was like a flashing neon sign. "Rose Tyler is pleasuring herself \_right now\_!"

Andâ€¦ yep. There it went. He reset emergency programs one, two, and three and leaned against the console to wait, because in exactly

ninety-seven seconds, emergency programs four and five would revert back to the old programs. He would have peace for about fifteen or so minutes and would be able to distract himself some-

Confused, the Doctor watched emergency program six revert (which usually happened around the halfway mark) and, a minute later, heard the incoming impact alarm start blaring (which only happened when Rose seemed to be nearing the end. Perhaps a faster setting on her toy?).

He went to work cancelling the alarm- No, scratch that.  
\_Alarms.\_Damn- and then reset his programs as they rushed through seven to fifteen.

It'd only been a little over four minutes when his emergency programs stopped skipping around and his various alarms quieted down. His ship let out an almost appreciative hum.

Hmm. Slowing spinning around, the Doctor cocked his head to the side and glanced down the hall. Seemed she chose to stimulate only her clitoris. He'd figured that much out, what the time discrepancies meant.

That didn't make him a pervert, either.

He collapsed onto the captain's chair, arms crossed over his chest, and looked at the console. If she truly couldn't wait to pleasure herself until she was off the ship (and how long had it been since she'd let that cowardly menace seduce her?), he could take her to plenty of planets that had better quality sex toys than those found on Earth.

Berlom, while better known for its moving pornographic photographs, had an excellent array of toys that might be to her liking. And on Trastafor, they had toys that perfectly fitted to a woman's- well, humans called it a vagina- and it only required a one-time fitting. After all, every, er, vagina was unique and why not? Hell, if she only wanted an Earth-quality toy, he could probably find dozens- hundreds, thousands!- that wouldn't send the TARDIS into a fit every time she used them.

He knew he could simply wait until she'd run off to visit her mother or- what the devil was that boy's name?- whoever he was and then rework her toy into something a little more palatable for the TARDIS. He also knew Rose would literally kill him if she ever found out he'd touched- let alone enhanced upon- such a private item.

Perhaps he should take her to- Yes! That might work.

The Doctor popped up and thought for a moment. Yes, it was brilliant. He input the coordinates for their next trip, grinned at his monitor, and settled himself on the floor. He was still there when Rose found him about an hour later, looking unchanged, though he could smell she'd recently taken a shower.

"Still going at it, are you?"

"I'm surprised I can't say the same."

The words just slipped out. No lie. Rose snickered and crouched

beside him.

"I don't sleep much, Doctor."

Oh, he knew.

"Right. A human that doesn't much sleep. Pfft." He hastily reconnected wires and paneling, shimmied out from under the console, and stood up. "Ready to go somewhere, Rose?"

"You got a place in mind, then?"

"Always." He casually turned to get his old girl going and looked over his shoulder at Rose. "There are two things ya need to know. One, I'm gonna be sonicking a cash point today. Probably do that a lot more in the future, really. It's easier."

" 'Kay. Two?"

"You, Rose Tyler, are going shopping. They have everythin' on Amorphasia. Literally everything."

"I don't think they have literally everything, Doctor."

"No, they do. Everything from puppies and kitties to sex toys and porn, clothing to bananas, liquor to--"

"I'm sorry. What?"

"What?"

"What'd you just say?"

"What did I say?" he asked, playing dumb. "I said they had everything from--"

"Sex toys and porn? Aliens enjoy that kinda thing?"

"Not as much as some, I'm thinking, but it's a universal thing. Some do, some don't. Personal preference, right?"

Rose eyed him curiously. "Really? Never seen an alien sex toy."

"Suppose not, no." He grinned widely. "Wanna go see one? I won't even blink if you find a few you like. I'll even give ya the money for 'em."

"Doctor!"

"What? Are you telling me you've never?"

"I can't believe you're askin' me this. I really can't."

"I don't see why not. It's just a question, after all."

"Well, have you ever?"

He blinked. "Used a sex toy?"

"I guess."

Her cheeks were flushed, this time in embarrassment. How cute.

"Nine-hundred and some odd years now and never used a toy, no."

Never had to.

"Oh. Why? Is it weird?"

"On which planet?"

"Any of them. All of them."

"No. Actually, there are whole planets devoted to sexual pleasure and achieving it through any means. Yes, includin' usin' a toy, Rose."

"Don't tell Mum that," she said, smiling. "She might wanna visit."

The Doctor physically recoiled and focused on the monitor. "Please never ever ever bring up your mother while we're discussin' anything sexual ever again."

"Oh, fine, you big, alien baby. I swear-"

Rose jolted into his back and clutched at his jumper to stay upright as the ship landed. He let go of the edge of the console, straightened back up, and felt Rose hug him from behind.

"Well, thank you, Rose, but uh, why are you huggin' me?"

"Didn't particularly want to, but figured I might as well, since I was already standin' here."

"How sweet," he drawled and pocketed his sonic. "Watch it, little ape, or you'll be on your own for money."

"Like it's yours in the first place," she retorted, grinning a little. "And don't call me a little ape."

"Aren't you?" He winked to let her know he was joking and she rolled her eyes at him before grabbing up his hand and following him to the door. "Rose Tyler, welcome to Amorphasia. Wanna go see the alien toys first or should we look around?"

"Money, toys, then lookin' 'round. Never know what we'll find, yeah?"

"Yeah," he agreed.

The trip to Amorphasia had been a bust.

Rose had bought her toys in secret, using money he'd given her, and he'd been polite enough not to ask if she found anything. Simply wandered off "on accident" and "miraculously" met up with her when she was done. Her bag- a transdimensional gift for her birthday- was

on her other arm and he almost wished he could see which one(s) she had bought.

Well. He knew enough about them, at least, to know his brilliant plan had been anything but brilliant.

One toy had turned his normally warm shower water first into blizzard-worthy temperatures and then switched directions to become hot enough to scald his thick skin (and that was an impressive, nearly impossible feat).

Another toy made his study lights continuously flicker on and off while he was in there working on a backup sonic. The pace of the flickering lights grew faster when Rose presumably kicked the speed settings up a notch and then blinked out in the end. He nearly broke his neck trying to use the sonic to get himself out of there.

Yet another toy messed with the TARDIS climate controls, making it snow in both the swimming pool room and the library for an entire hour, long after Rose had finished and rejoined him.

The final toy seemed to be the winnerâ€| until it began heating the TARDIS. Somehow. He still wasn't sure which control had been accidentally tampered with.

Needless to say, he was getting desperate.

He'd sat and thought about simply telling Rose her toys were disturbing the TARDIS, but that would be terrible. He'd stutter the whole way through and she'd likely be so embarrassed, she wouldn't be able to even be in the same room with him for a very long time, which would be unacceptable.

So. They visited another planet when the TARDIS "accidentally" misplaced her bedside table, thankfully containing only sexual toys and paraphernalia. It would've been more difficult for him to convince her it wasn't important they search for it had it contained anything of real value to her.

Yeah, it was another bust. On and on it went, more toys and more tampering, more lost furniture and more trips to increasingly naughty planets, until one day, he'd finally had enough.

The Doctor stalked to Rose's door, beat a fist upon the wood, and waited. With smoke rising from his ruined boots and trousers (good thing he had backups in the wardrobe), the Doctor was not a happy man. At all. This newest toy had targeted some wiring he'd been working on and had caused some fires to break out right where he'd been crouching when the uncovered wires began sparking.

Rose answered her door in her dressing gown and, before she could say a word, the Doctor raised a hand.

"I think I should tell you I've known for months now when you're using a toy to pleasure yourself, Rose, and I've gotta ask you to stop. You have to stop doing it."

Her mouth fell open, but he pressed on.

"It started with your Earth toy and has only gotten worse with each

alien toy you buy. Tonight, however, has been the worst. Ever. Your damn toys interfere with the ship every single time. I'm not jokin' about that. Every time, Rose."

She gasped, her cheeks flushed, one hand grasping the collar of her dressing gown.

"I was perfectly willing to ignore it, too. You're a healthy being. I understand needing to release every once in a while and it's none of my business what ya do. And I can deal with flickering lights, indoor snow, whining alarms, randomly flushing toilets, shorting toasters, blizzardy and then lava-like showers in one go, and so on, but I will not allow myself to be lit on fire again 'cause your stupid toy messed with some wiring I happened to be workin' on."

He took a step back from the overwhelming scent of aroused Rose Tyler and sucked in a deep, calming breath.

"Now, you're a wonderful person, Rose. Love ya. I do. Humans, they're great and you're one of the best, yeah, but I will not be forced to regenerate just 'cause you feel like gettin' off multiple times a day, ya understand me?"

A blush had nearly taken over every inch of her exposed skin and the Doctor knew he should probably stop now, because surely she'd gotten the point, but he had just a little bit more to say and then they could pretend the other didn't exist for a few weeks. He sighed. Enforced stay on the TARDIS for however many weeks it took Rose to acknowledge him again? Great. Just great.

"All I have left to say is if you're havin' trouble controlling yourself, get a boyfriend or stimulate yourself manually, 'cause this is getting out of control."

Rose's eyes fell to his smoking, slightly-melted boots and she swallowed. He sighed again, straightened, and headed back the way he'd come. Let her think about that. Perhaps he'd have some peace now.

To his consternation, the control room was in flames when he got back. He hurriedly put out the flames, dealt away with the open wires, and stormed back to Rose's bedroom. He was going to break that damned toy into pieces when he got there, her protestations be damned.

Surprisingly, Rose was standing in the doorway, definitely not in the middle of pleasuring herself. He drew up short, frowned, and then saw two toys in her hand.

"You're seriously telling me my toys have been messin' with the TARDIS?"

"Yes."

"Prove it."

Without warning, he wordlessly snatched one of the toys from her hand, ignored her reaction, grabbed her hand, and pulled her to the control room. She stumbled along behind him, probably getting tripped up on her house slippers, but he didn't slow. Couldn't. He pushed her

into the jump seat, turned to face her with a brow arched, and hit setting one of the toy.

Rain began to fall from nowhere, causing the console to hiss and crackle until the Doctor used the sonic to turn on the new anti-rain function he'd been forced to create the other day. Rose watched as the console was suddenly covered in a metal plate.

The Doctor hit setting two and the rain grew heavier. They were both soaking wet by this point and, to prove his point, the Doctor held the toy up.

"There are six levels on this toy, Rose. Shall we see what happens when we hit six?"

Without waiting for an answer, his thumb pressed into setting six and thunder and lightening filled the room. Rose pulled a wet curtain of hair from her face and looked up in horror at the lightning flashing above their heads.

Suddenly, she was laughing hysterically.

"Oh, my god! This is just so terrible! So horrifying! Turn it off. Doctor, turn it off!" The Doctor flipped the off switch and stared expectantly. She held up the other one and said through her giggles, "And this one made the fire?"

"Yes. I suggest you don't turn that one on just yet."

"Wasn't gonna. Is that why my other bedside tables kept disappearin' for no reason?"

"That was all the TARDIS, Rose. I had nothin' to do with it."

"Yeah, well, I got smart. Lose enough personal property, you learn to hide your valuables in new locations."

"Do you still have the one that made my bed fold in two?" His brow raised. "With me in it. So much for a relaxing sleep. It would have taken me ten minutes at most, butâ€¦"

"It folded in half?"

"Yes. If I recall correctly, that was one that came from Unilatera. At least, it was one you used immediately after we returned from Unilateria. And may I ask what in the hell has been so damned arousing? If I knew the source of your problem, I could probably help alleviate some of the trouble."

She looked scared, which he was sure was a bad sign.

"Not too sure I should tell you, Doctor, but I guess I will. 's not like I could get any more embarrassed right now. It'sâ€¦ you. That's my problem. Now I'm going to my bedroom and you'll probably never see me again, because I'm gonna curl up and die. Goodnight."

The Doctor blinked, watched her walk off, blinked again, and then took off at a run. He caught up to her at the foot of the staircase leading to the sleeping quarters.



"Did you just say- or, well, imply- you've become aroused by me?" he asked, stressing that last word in disbelief. "Did I hear that correctly or am I hallucinating?"

Why the blazes would she be attracted to this body? Not even he could drum up enough lust to touch himself these days. Well, not often. Rose fidgeted, eyes on the alien vibrator he was still holding. Oh, right. He was still holding it. He tucked the toy into his denim pocket, where it immediately disappeared, and looked at Rose expectantly.

"I, er, yeah."

"How?"

"What d'ya mean, how? You're not one of those sexless alien things, are you? Wait! So that's why you used those loomin' things! Oh, god, Doctor. I'm sorry. I didn'tâ€¦ ermâ€¦ I'll justâ€¦"

Tell her about the looms on Gallifrey, open up about his home \_just once\_, and she somehow uses it to insult him later. Yep, this one's all woman, through and through.

"No, Rose, I'm not sexless. I know how arousal works." He rolled his eyes and then focused on her again. "What I'm asking, though, is how can you be attracted to this body? To this form? Not even I find myself attractive and that's saying something. Always think I'm handsome, me. Usually."

"But you are," she argued. "Tall, dark hair, those eyes, muscles, the leather, intelligence, your sense of humour, the anger sometimes, your voiceâ€¦ Plus, you're a hero. Girls really like that. I mean, I love makin' fun of your ears and nose, but you're more than just those two things, you know."

He liked the way he saw himself through her eyes. To her, he cut a dashing figure and he could really get used to that. It made him feel a little braver. A smile curled his lips and he snagged her hand from the railing.

"Miss Tyler, I have a proposal to make."

"Oh?"

"Yes. As your best friend and the only male- indeed, the only other person- available on board, I'll offer my services whenever you need them in return for you throwing away every last one of your toys. Eventually, one of your toys is going to destroy something vital in the TARDIS and I cannot have that. I'm sure you understand."

"So you're offering toâ€¦"

"Yes. Whatever you want, whenever you want, as long as you throw those toys away. As I said, I am your best friend and friends help each other when they're in need, right? This situation is no different. What do you say? Your sexual pleasure in return for my ship's continued well-being?"

Didn't hurt he'd be finally getting something he'd wanted since he first met her, either.

Rose spent a moment thinking that through, abruptly smiled shyly, and nodded at him.

"I accept. It's only fair, you know, when you stated it the way you did."

"Yes. I'm sure the TARDIS would hug you in gratitude if she could. Now. I think I would like to watch you throw away your toys just to make sure you don't try to squirrel any away. Then, after, you need only find me whenever and tell me you need me and that'll be that. No questions, no judgment, no teasing."

"Thank you." Two spots of colour rose on her cheeks. "What aboutâ€¦ today? You know."

"I assumed, since the entire control room didn't go up in flames, that you hadn't reached the end of your session. Nice to know I was right. For now, lead the way. You have some things to throw away and I have a job to supervise."

"But then?"

"Then, yes, I'll shag you into exhaustion. Now march."

She did this sexy, little shiver and the Doctor found himself smiling as he followed her back to her room. His eyes caught and held on her lithe legs, slowly moved up to her pert bum, and settled on the graceful curve of her neck.

Good God, he was such a lucky bastard.

The End

End  
file.